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## GLEANINGS.

He lay in his little bed in northern Indiana. He read his little pipe. There was little left of him.

Ida Greeley's husband is so handsome that she hangs around his neck for hours, trying to keep him in where other girls can't see him.

The word d-e-b-i-l is composed of the initials of "don every body twice." C-r-e-d-i-t is formed of the initials of letters of "call regularly every day; I'll trust."

It is said that the gifted Childs, during the labors of composition, always betrays his approach to an elegiac climax by the nervous twitching of his toes.

Now, Gen. Washington, you jes' cum an' put on your shoes dis mornin'. De idea of you bein' out doors barefoot on de Lord's Day! Why, folks will think you're Irish!

The bill introduced in the Missouri legislature to allow proprietors of places of amusement to charge storage on Chicago ladies' feet has progressed to a third reading.

Fifty six widows, a hundred and thirty-five orphans and twenty cripples compose the burden that Thomasson has to carry on his shoulders as he wanders up and down the shadowy shores of the Styx.

There is a man in Rochester so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew farthest from the pulpit to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plates for contribution.

The only chance for an unfortunate eligible bachelor to escape the importunities of the girls this year is to marry one of them early. This will keep him clear of the others, and the rest of the year may be occupied with proceedings for divorce.

In addition to other bridal presents, Senator Christiancy presented his bride with a large and assorted family, ready made consisting of numerous children and grand children, thus enabling her to start out in housekeeping in a style becoming a senator's wife.

How much do you ask for that there velvet by the yard? said Mrs. Rind at Stewart's the other day. "That, madam," said the clerk, holding it up, "is, formerly sold at \$14." "Thought so," said Mrs. Rind, "now, where's them 18 cent calicoes I seed advertised in the papers?"

An eccentric couple of a New England village disagree as to bed clothes, the man insisting on woolen sheets while the woman will have nothing but spotless linen, and so they have compromised their difficulty by sewing a linen half to a woolen half, and now sleep as snug as a bug in a rug.

Old Bull was once seeing the sights at Dunsmuir, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said: "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The deuce a note, sir," "Do you play by ear then?" "Niver an ear, your honor!" "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabbers!"

That was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of sense either, who remarked, when other girls were making fun of her short skirts, and effected to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party:—"If you'd only pull up your dresses about your neck, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled any more.

He came home very late one night, and after fumbling with his latch key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door, "I mustn't make any noise, caugh tholomons, asleep!" He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill down his spinal column:—"Why, my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat, are you?"

Little Egie is, out three year old darling. One day, near Christmas, she said, "Mamma, I wish I had a little sister."

Write to Santa Claus to bring you one when he fills your stocking, said mamma.

With pen and ink she scribbled a page of hyperphics to the time honored gentleman.

Sure enough a few days after a little boy stranger appeared, who greatly disturbed little three-year-old with his cries.

"Give him to me, said auntie: 'I would like him."

"Well, said he, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and with her head on one side, looking very wise, "well, if I'd a known he'd a 'skeeled' so, I'd a sent him back to Santa Claus and had a little sister, but now we've dot him, I dess well keep him."

## THE ADVENTURES OF JONES'S BABY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAN.

"Well, good-by," said Aunt Johnson, "and come to see us soon. I've had a delightful visit. I bade good-by to grandpa, didn't I? Kiss the baby for me. My good man, that hamper is to go into the carriage. Fasten the padlock, and bring the key to me. Well, good-by again."

And Aunt Johnson stepped into the coach after the hamper, which contained those things which would not go into the trunk.

"Remember me to the Wilsons," shouted Uncle James.

"You hope there won't be a collision?" cried Aunt Johnson. "Why, dear me, how you scare me!"

"I didn't say that!" yelled Uncle James. "I said remember me to the Wilsons!"

"Be sure to kill some of us? Of course it would," said Aunt Johnson, who, to the best of her belief, had misunderstood every word that was said to her during her visit, though she never admitted that she was hard of hearing. "Well, we really ought always to be prepared for anything. I hope I am."

And the carriage drove off, and the Jones family went indoors, and Mrs. Jones, the mother of an infant, who, for its age—four months—was the most beautiful, accomplished, charming and good-tempered creature known, proceeded to the nursery at once.

The nurse having acceded, baby had for once been left in the care of its great-grandpapa, a venerable gentleman of eighty, who had been seen religiously shaking it up and down with the regularity of machinery, at the last private view taken of the pair by baby's anxious mamma. Now grandpapa sat reading his paper, and no baby was to be seen. Mrs. Jones glanced backward, and cradled; both resting-places were empty. She fancied that she knew that none of the family had the child, and a little nervous chill ran up her back.

"Grandpapa," she cried, quite sharply, "where is baby?"

"She went to sleep a-cantfully, my dear," said grandpapa, complacently, and put her down some where. He also glanced at the bed, and at the cradle, and then slowly about the room. "I don't know just where I put her, but on some kind of couch or cradle," he said, slowly; "and it certainly was in this room."

But, wherever it was, baby was not to be found; and after a frantic search of the premises, the terrible fact that the baby was missing was conclusively arrived at. Mamma fainted. Papa hurried to the station-house. Aunt Maria went into hysterics, and Uncle James rushed wildly along the street asking all the strangers whom he met if they had seen a baby four months old in a long white dress with a coral around its neck, go by.

It was really a terrible thing that had happened to the Joneses, and it they temporarily lost their senses who can wonder at it.

Suppose your baby was stolen? Some old bachelor may ask who would steal a baby. But the thing has been done, and what has been done may be done again. And how else could a baby, unable as yet to walk, vanish in this dreadful way?

Meanwhile, quite unconscious of the trouble which had befallen her relatives so soon after her departure, Aunt Johnson was driven to the pier whence the boat she desired to take started daily. It already lay at the dock, and its hands were hurrying the luggage on board. Two of them seized Aunt Johnson's trunk at once.

"And this hamper is mine," said the old lady; "can't you take that at the same time, and save me the trouble of watching it any longer. It's very light."

One of the men put his hand out towards the handle of the hamper as she spoke, touched it, then paused.

"Got a cat in there, ma'am?" he asked.

"What?" said Aunt Johnson.

"I say, got a cat in there?" answered the man, in a stentorian bellow.

"A cat?" cried Aunt Johnson.

"No, of course not."

"Then what have you got in it?" shrieked the man.

"None of your business," said Aunt Johnson.

"But I say it is," said the man. "Just listen Sam. The cat's a young un, in there as sure as I'm a living man. Just listen."

"So there is," said Sam.

"Why don't you take the hamper on board?" said Aunt Johnson.

"Cause I won't, that's all," said the man. "Cap'n—I say, Cap'n!"

Aunt Johnson heard piteous wails proceeding from the hamper. She for her part heard nothing until, with a noise he might have used in a gale at sea, the captain demanded her keys.

"My keys?" cried the irate old lady. "No, indeed! I am from the country, but you can't play such a trick as that on me. I know what city thieves are very well. My keys, indeed?"

"Very well," said the captain. "My time is short. I must be off in ten minutes. I'll give you over to a policeman."

"Me to a policeman?" cried Aunt Johnson. "No, I'll give you to one! Here! Police! Police!"

But not only the captain of the boat and the by-standers, but the three guardians of the peace who just then appeared on the scene, heard the shrieks that came from the hamper. Public opinion was divided, but only as to whether Aunt Johnson intended to steal the child or to murder it. That there was a child in the hamper every one knew but the old lady herself, and despite her prayers, entreaties and menaces, two of the policemen took the hamper between them. One offered his arm to poor Mrs. Johnson, and they proceeded in ignominious procession to the station house, followed by the tag-rag and bob-tail of the town.

There, Mrs. Johnson having been deprived of her keys, the hamper was opened, and from its nest on the top of a pile of linen was lifted a very red, very moist, very tearful, furious indignant infant, in a white dress and embroidered shawl, and a red coral necklace.

Mrs. Johnson's ears were dull, but her eyes were as sharp as ever. She gazed, uttered one awful shriek, then another, and finally went off into hysterics, which would have been horrowing to the soul in private life, but which produced no effect whatever at a station-house, where nearly every member of the gentler sex who was brought in indulged in them to a degree that made poor Mrs. Johnson's efforts in that line quite mild and ineffectual.

One of the policemen, however, being young and new to the force, remarked that he "had a mother himself," and brought her a glass of water, upon which an elderly and hardened officer remarked "gammon," and a sage at a desk upon an elevated platform requested that there should be no more nonsense, and that a charge should be made that he might commit the female at once, it being his dinner-time.

Mrs. Johnson did not hear what was said, but she knew herself under arrest. She had seen a mysterious infant removed from her baggage, and she felt that for some reason she was in danger of imprisonment. Never having been in a station-house before, visions of an underground cell, chains, and a midnight execution, rushed through her mind. Probably the real picture of a dirty room, destitute of chains, and already occupied by some incarcerated female, would not have consoled her greatly; and with a wilder shriek than she had yet uttered, she threw the half empty tumbler of water into the air, and became spasmodic. Nobody was in the least affected by the baby, who believing the performance to be gotten up for his particular amusement, stopped crying and began to caw, as it sat bolt upright in the arms of the very tallest and broadest policeman present.

Meanwhile preparations were being made to convey Mrs. Johnson into the interior of the premises, and things were looking very badly for that poor lady, when the door opened, and a man's face, pale with suspense and suffering, was thrust in.

"I'm here again, you see," said a voice, quite flattered by misery. "Has anything been heard of my baby? Her mother begged me to mention that she has been vaccinated on the left arm—high—so that she can wear short sleeves. I hope—"

But there the speech came to an end. A cry of joy completed it, and the man rushed forward and snatched the baby from the policeman's arms, and stood shaking from head to foot with his effort to keep the tears back. A useless one; for in a moment they pattered down his face and heavy on the little, round, bald head of that comical, useless, precious thing that he pressed against his breast.

The man was Jones—the child was the Jones's missing baby.

"So that's your child, eh?" said the grim personage at the desk.

"Well, it's lucky you've found it. The old female yonder was carrying it off in a clothes basket. I suppose you'll make a charge against her. Do you know her?"

Jones stepped forward, and saw to his astonishment his old Aunt Johnson.

She also opened her eyes and saw him.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" she cried. "Oh, thank Heaven, you've come to save me! I'm taken up! I'm arrested! They're going to do something dreadful to me! They took a baby out of my clothes-

hamper, like that juggler you know that got cats out of empty hats! I feel as if I was in a fairy tale! I'm going crazy! Save me, Charles! save me!"

"I will, Auntie," said Jones. "I know just how it happened."

Then he explained to all present how the clothes hamper, with the cover up, had been standing in the nursery. How baby's great-grandpapa, not being used to the care of infants, had laid the sleeping child in what he supposed to be a new-fashioned cradle. How, afterward the lid had fallen shut. How Aunt Johnson had locked it, without looking in. How, being deaf, she had not heard the infant's cries when it awakened, and he explained to Aunt Johnson that this was the baby she had so often said was the image of its papa, though she had not recognized it when produced from her hamper.

Nobody believed him. The gentleman at the desk said he had a mind to send them both before the magistrate, but that, though this was all very suspicious, they might go this time.

They were all too glad to go. Jones knew what agonies of suspense those at home were enduring, and bewildered Aunt Johnson fled as from the presence of the inquisition, and there was rejoicing over the Jones's baby at home; and great-grandpapa saved himself from a scolding by predicting that one who had lived through so much must have been intended by Providence for a splendid destiny. Perhaps, since disqualified by her sex from being President of these United States, to be some future President's wife.

HE WASN'T THERE

The baby who was at the Union Fair was at the postoffice in his little buggy yesterday. He was a baby with snagg-teeth, yellow hair, white eyes and ugly kick to his heels. A pedestrian tried to pat him on the nose, and the young generation struck at him and howled disconsolately. A bootblack pinched his foot, and the baby kicked right and left and made the covers fly.

"He wasn't at the fair, was he?" inquired one of the boys as the mother came out.

"I guess he wasn't—not much," she answered. He was at home, minding his business."

"Then he didn't get a golden eagle?"

"He didn't get nothing!" she snapped. "I don't put my flesh and blood on exhibition for no golden eagles, or golden geese, or golden anything else."

"But he'd have taken the A. I. O. K. XXX premium if you'd had him there," persisted the boy.

"He's just as good as he is handsome," she replied as she tucked the clothes down. "I've been told over and over again that he is the handsomest baby in Detroit."

"Would you sell him?" seriously inquired the boy.

"Sell him? Why, what could you do with a baby?"

"I'd paint his nose, dye his hair white out, some good teeth for him, trim his ears down, and then sell him for a tobacco sign," whispered the boy.

This is why a woman was yesterday seen chasing a boy around the postoffice square, always just near enough to get in a kick, but always just an instant too late to hit the spot. When a policeman stopped her she had both hands clenched, her eyes flashed fire, her teeth were hard shut, and she gasped: "Take my house and lot, but let me get hold of that boy!"

MORMON COURTSHIP.

On Saturday a Mormon by the name of Fulmer, who had been chosen among the faithful to go on a mission to Arizona, called upon Brigham Young.

"Married?" queried the Prophet.

"No, any," said Fulmer, over whose brow forty odd years had left their imprint.

"Must marry. Brother Fulmer before you go to Arizona to build up the Kingdom."

"Don't know anybody who will have me," was the reply.

"I'll find some one. Do you know Brother Brown in the 17th ward? Well, he has several daughters; you go to Brother Brown's and tell him I want you to marry one of his daughters."

Fulmer left and obeyed counsel to the letter. Knocking at the door, he was admitted by Brother Brown, who, upon learning what was wanted, called in several daughters to be selected from. Fulmer taking his choice, Brown told the girl to get ready in fifteen minutes.

"I'll do as you say, dad," was her meek reply, as she walked out.

"That's the way I raise my daughters; if they disobey, there is war in camp."

The wedding festivities take place to-night.—Salt Lake Tribune

## CONSOLIDATION OF INTERNAL REVENUE DISTRICTS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The Appropriation Committee has agreed to consolidate the internal revenue districts throughout the country, reducing the number from 161 to 104, apportioned as follows: Maine New Hampshire and Vermont, one each; Massachusetts; 2; Rhode Island and Connecticut, one each; New York, 10; New Jersey, 2; Delaware and the District of Columbia to be embraced in one district to be divided by the commissioner of internal revenue and Maryland; Pennsylvania, 8; Virginia, 5; North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, one each; Georgia, 3; Alabama, 3; Mississippi, 2; Texas, 3; Tennessee, 3; Kentucky, 5; Ohio, 7; Indiana, 4; Illinois, 7; Missouri, 4; Arkansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon and the territories, one each; Michigan, 2; Wisconsin, 2; Minnesota, 2; Iowa, 4; and California, 2, reducing the expenses five hundred thousand dollars on the estimates. The ten supervisors are also dispensed with, though the number of special agents will be increased. The expenses of gaugers will also be cut down as the committee will limit gauging to one instead of two times for each barrel. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue was heard again to-night upon the plan as laid down by the committee, but no modifications were made.

## A LEAP-YEAR TRAGEDY.

They stood together in the entry beneath the hall lamp, says the Chicago Tribune. "Then, Henry," she said in a low voice, wherein were blended determination, melancholy and love, "you refuse my suit?"

"Yes, Eliza," he replied in accents that were firm, though the speaker's voice trembled. "I admire you; I will be a brother to you, and watch with pride your course through life, and if ever trouble should befall you, there will at least be one friend to whom you can come for succor; but I can never, never, be your husband."

"It is not because I am poor, Henry. For, O, if that were all, I could toil gladly from morn till night for you, and strive and win a home for you, humble it might be, but your own." "It is useless to attempt to induce me to change my determination. Though I am but a poor weak man, I can never, never, change my mind."

"Then, cruel young man, so fair and yet so false, farewell. To-morrow you will see my mangled remains on the lecture platform, and know that it has been your work. But it will be too late," and clasping him to her bosom in a wild embrace she fled into the outer darkness.

HOW THEY FIXED IT.

A New Yorker, while journeying the other day, was recognized by another citizen doing business near the Bowery, he being also away from home on business, and after a little preliminary conversation the first remarked:

"Well, I hear you had to make an assignment."

"Yes, dat is drew," replied the other.

"You see it was shust like dis," said the Bowery man, "I was owing a good deal. I makes over my stock to Jacob, and Jacob makes over his stock to me, and I do his peesness and he does my peesness, and dem vellers vats vas after money doan get some."

EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS.

Coleman's Rural World approves of the suggestion to have experimental grounds in connection with grange halls, and suggests that the halls should be two stories high, the first for a store and the upper one for grange rooms, library, &c.

It thinks the experimental ground should be connected and under charge of the master, who should be authorized to make assessments of labor for its cultivation. With many grangers this might grow into a very useful and interesting feature, but with all such as meet at or near towns and villages, and these are, perhaps, in the majority, it would be impracticable, as the grounds would be more or less disturbed by town boys, unless, perhaps, the store-keeper could keep them off. An experiment would be worthless without it was exact, and the aggravations arising from damage or destruction of a part of any crop that was grown for that purpose would be great.

SEEDING LAND WITH TIMOTHY AND CLOVER.—When timothy is sown alone the first years crop will be increased by sowing a liberal quantity of seed, not less than one peck per acre; if less is sown there will be many small spots comparatively bare. If it be desirable to have the timothy mixed with clover the clover seed may be sown early in spring. If the sowing is delayed the young plants are liable to be killed by the surface of the ground becoming dry before the roots have penetrated to any depth.

## A LESSON TO A CREDITOR.

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The following, with but slight variation, sufficient not to betray the identity of the parties, is the report of a recent actual interview, and the forcible truths expressed in the conclusion of the dialogue will doubtless be recognized as applicable to many cases of greater or less magnitude.

A business man in difficulties calls with a long face, on one of his principal creditors, and says: "Mr. Prompt, I find, owing to the pressure of the times, I shall be obliged to call a meeting of my creditors."

"Indeed," said Prompt, "then you cannot meet your liabilities?"

Debtor—"I regret to say I cannot."

Prompt—"Well, let me see; how long have you been in business?"

Debtor—"About eight years."

Prompt—"How much capital did you have to start with?"

Debtor (proudly)—"I had only \$1,000, sir, and my knowledge of the business, in which I was salesman."

Prompt—"You were since married?"

Debtor—"Yes."

Prompt—"Wife any property?"

Debtor—"None at all; I have done everything by my own unaided exertions."

Prompt—"How much do you expect to be able to pay your creditors?"

Debtor—"Well, I think I could get out of it for 20 cents on the dollar."

Prompt—"How much would that leave you after you got your bankruptcy discharge?"

Debtor—"Well, if I could go right on with the old stock I might realize a couple of thousand dollars, but the creditors could not do so much with it."

Prompt—"But how about your house in the suburbs? That goes in with the assets, I suppose?"

Debtor—"Well, hardly. That's only worth six or seven thousand dollars. I settled that on my wife two years ago."

Prompt—"Hum! Hum! Let me see, what are your liabilities?"

Debtor—"I should say, at a rough calculation, \$20,000."

Prompt (indignantly)—"Why, confound it, sir, it is just such men as you that have cheated and are cheating honest men through your rascality or perjured ignorance. You haven't been solvent, according to your own confession, the whole eight years you have been in trade. I'll be bound. Here you acknowledge you started with only \$1,000 of real capital. You have had your family living for eight years, saved out a \$7,000 house, and after settling with your creditors you will have double the capital you began with. Such men as you have no right to be in business for themselves, but should be the employees of those who have brains to guide them. I'll accept no proposition, and only wish creditors, in stead of 'settling on their feet' such shams as you to compete with genuine business men, would send you back into the ranks where you belong."

## JUDGE DAVID DAVIS.

[From the N. Y. World.]

Sitting two places to the left of Chief Justice Waite is the man who ran upon the labor reform ticket for the Presidency in 1872, much as Charles O'Connor ran upon that of the Strait Out Democracy, and who, had his friends succeeded in winning for him the nomination of the Cincinnati Convention, would possibly have been in Grant's place to-day. I mean David Davis.

He is worth looking at for many reasons, personal as well as political, among which this is not the least. This Illinois politician has made up their minds that after the various prominent candidates to be presented to the next National Democratic Convention have failed under the two-thirds rule to secure a nomination, and their respective champions are worn out with rivalry and contention, they will bring forward the Judge as a man upon whom all can unite. His prospects for becoming a compromise candidate may be fair, but there is nothing of the compromise nature in the man himself. Everything about him betokens originality, rude strength and positive convictions. His face is almost a typical Anglo-Saxon one. His features are not finely cut, nor is their expression intellectual; but, though coarse, they are harmonious, and there is a look of good humor, common sense and careless, self-confident manhood in the whole countenance.

There is a narrow fringe of gray whiskers running around the Judge's face and under his chin, and the frosty color sets of his hair, rudely complexion to advantage. His judicial robe conceals his figure to some extent, but it is plain that he is tall and powerfully built. He has an air of perfect fearlessness befitting one never cowed or broken by sickness or defeat. At times it almost amounts to a fainting fit—a swag-

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Russia printed no less than 3, 141 books in 1875.

Seeing is not believing. There are many men you can see and yet cannot believe.

Mr. Moody's Chicago church has been sued for \$15,000 by one of the contractors.

Senator Christiancy is worth several millions. She married him for his beauty though.

Senator Christiancy's grown-up daughters say they "shant call her ma; that's all there is about that."

Parton is the last illustration of the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." That is, if he is obliged to repent.

The Cincinnati Commercial says that Ben DeBar, when he isn't playing Falstaff, packs his bowels of compassion in a trunk.

Katie King has sued the Philadelphia Times for libel, and the Boston Post thinks she doesn't stand a ghost of a chance.

Caleb Cushing becomes by the death of Reverdy Johnson the oldest Cabinet Minister living in point of years and appointment.

Alexandre Dumas, pere, has his rival in fecundity in Signor Savini, an Italian novelist, who produces every month a fresh novel.

Philip Kaufman, aged thirteen has officiated as rabbi in a synagogue at Indianapolis. He has a wonderful voice, speaks three languages, and is altogether pre-eminently precocious.

Parton's first wife would be his mother-in-law now. There are some queer things about this; but stay, no more of them; they scorch into the distracted brain.

Pilgrim names are dying out, and Massachusetts is sad. New England parents won't call their boys "Moses" and "John," nor their girls "Prudence" and "Charity" to please anybody, and wickedness stalks through the land.

Miss Thackeray is said to be one of the most charming and "sought-after" women in London, engaged at least twenty dinners deep all through the season, and still fresh and natural and unspoiled by it all.

Dr. Edwards, of West Virginia who was a member of Congress in 1848, and received John Quincy Adams in his arms when the old statesman fell in his place in the House of Representatives, died at Wheeling last week.

A magnificent cameo, supposed to be a portrait of Octavio, the second wife of Mark Antony, and sister of Augustus, has been brought to the notice of the Paris Academie des Inscriptions. The stone is a sardonyx, with a milky surface.

Senator Boggs, of Missouri, uses some funny expressions in his speeches. In his eulogy of Vice President Wilson, he said: "Here was a man who never struck his colors till he had secured a victory!" It is not so reported in the Record.

A petition has been received and presented to Congress that is a curiosity in the matter of autographs. It asks a removal of duty on foreign works printed in the dead languages. Among the signatures are the names of Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and other famous literateurs.

The late Anthony Rothschild's son-in-law, a brother of the Earl of Hardwicke, is said to be the first Christian who has married into that famous family of bankers. The other daughter of the Hebrew baronet is still single, and as four million pounds sterling are to be divided between the two sisters, perhaps some other Christian gentleman may be found willing to sacrifice his prejudices on the matrimonial altar.

The official statistics of Egypt show that 90,000 boys now receive what is called public instruction, against 60,000 in 1863, and a much smaller number some time previous to that. Outside of the large towns, however, the Koran is all that is taught. On account of public prejudice, only 3,000 girls are educated by the state, and few of these are Mohammedans. A public school for Mohammedan girls has been started in Cairo.

Washington letter: For the first time in all the years I have been in Washington I have heard Dr. Newman. He is not a new man to talk about, but to me he leaves the impression of an olden cavalier of Charles the Second's time. A full, smooth, slightly florid face, long hair falling back of his ears, a fully rounded form, white cravat and shirt bosom well setting off his face—that is Dr. Newman as he looks to me. His sermon was thoughtful, scholarly and long; the last an objection. Few people have capacity to imbibe and retain a long sermon.